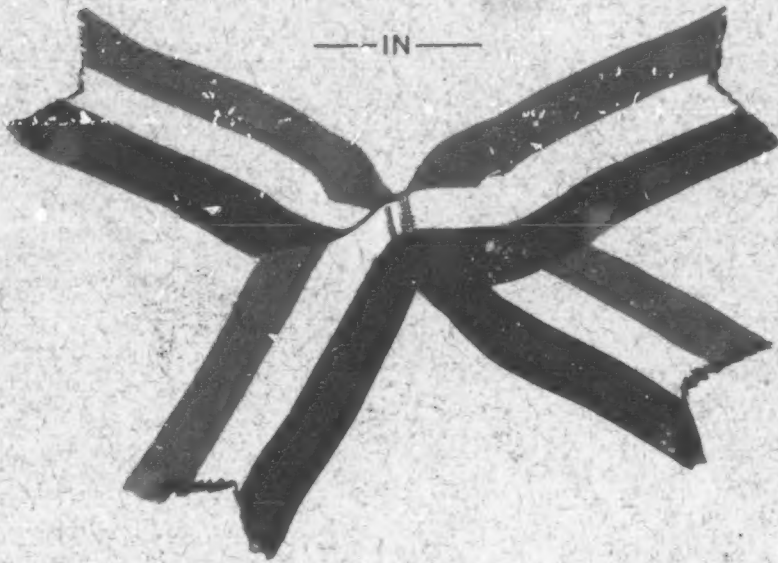


PART II.--BY THE THAMES.

RAMBLES

—IN—



MERRIE, MERRIE ENGLAND,

—BY—

J. RUPERT ELLIOTT.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. & A. McMILLAN.

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THE GIFT OF
Miss A. Edwina Elliott

Rambles in Merrie, Merrie England.

PART II.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1907.

By J. RUPERT ELLIOTT,
In the office of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa.

A DIAMOND JUBILEE SOUVENIR.

RAMBLES

IN

Merrie, Merrie England.

GLIMPSES OF ITS CASTLES, ITS CATHEDRALS,
ITS ABBEYS, ITS TRADITIONS, AND
ITS RURAL LIFE.

PART II.

BY J. RUPERT ELLIOTT,

Author of "American Farms," and "A Story of the Times"
(in preparation).

ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. & A. McMILLAN, 98 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

1897.

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"Thou Art Alone—The Queen of Earthly Queens."

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THE THAMES.

My eye, descending from this hill, surveys
Where Thames 'mong wanton valleys strays ;
Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose form is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay
Like mothers who their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil ;
But god-like his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind ;
When he, to boast or to dispense his stores
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

— Denham.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

My little booklet, Part I. of my "Rambles in Merrie, Merrie England," has met with a reception by the reading public far beyond my expectations. This very encouraging, as well as exceedingly agreeable feature, in relation to my work, has prompted me in hastening my Part II. before the reader's kind attention.

Part II. consists of four articles descriptive of what I saw and learned of, on a few delightful trips to some of the famous spots by the Thames. These were made on very charming days in the great Diamond Jubilee season. It is not often that such delightful days are experienced anywhere as were the July days of 1897 in England—for they were rainless and fogless, and free from that intense brightness which is so much the rule on fine days in America. The Thames, however, is interesting in its variety always. Upon this river, in the month of May, 1896, I wrote: "From Kew to Richmond, and thence to Hampton Court, the river scenery has been simply magnificent. Beautiful at any time, I have seen it in its most gorgeous apparel. The wealth of bloom has been beyond description, and I have seen it on a delightful quiet spring day. The pink and white hawthorns, the laburnums, and the white and purple lilac upon the sloping hillsides, no one ever saw finer, even upon the banks of the Thames."

A most satisfactory feature of all this to the tourist is that it all may be obtained and thoroughly enjoyed with little loss of time and expense, if the proper means are employed to secure it all.

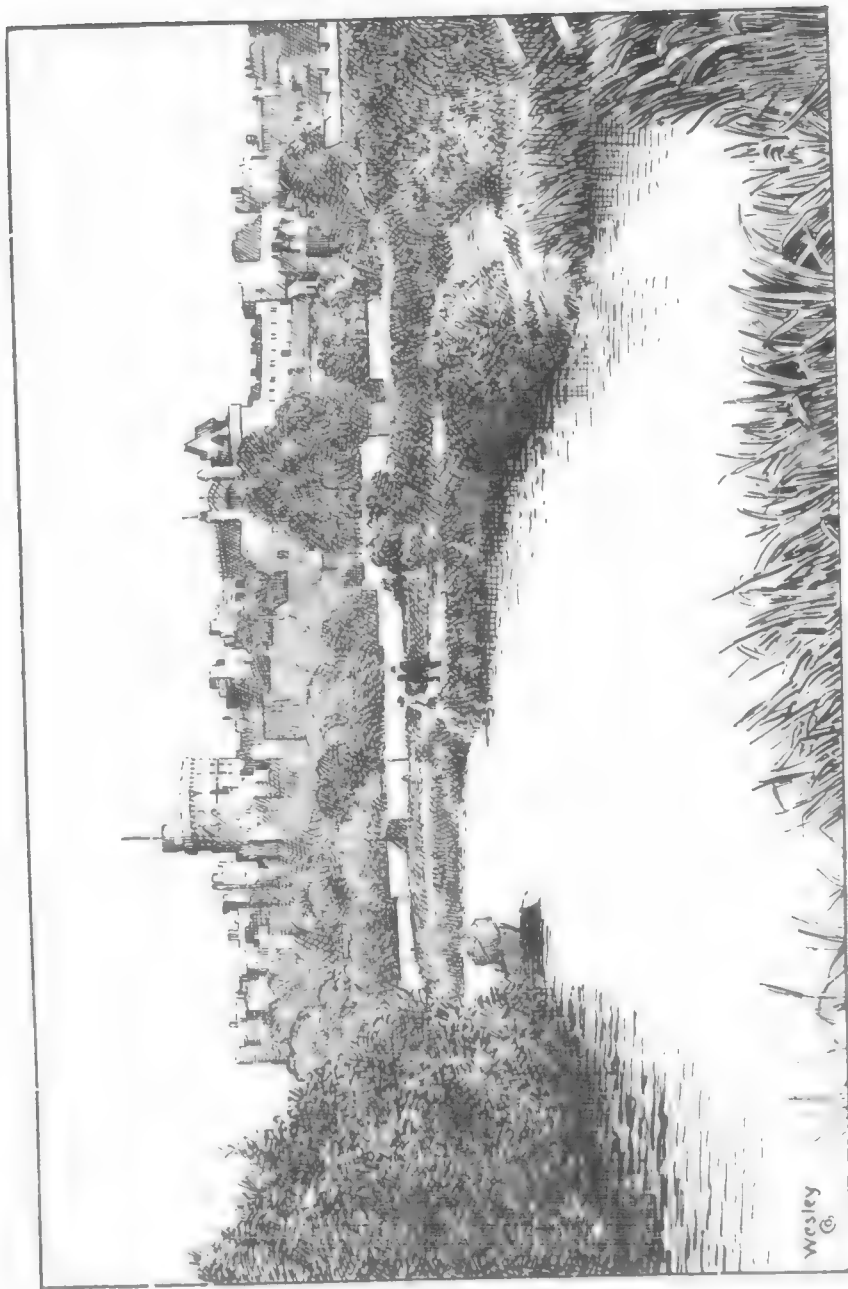
Part II. will be followed in due course by two other Parts descriptive of Rambles among the Counties of England's Castles, Abbeys and Cathedrals.

"The world belongs to him who has seen it."

— *Sir John Lubbock.*

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Wesley
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WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE ROYAL SHIRE BY THE THAMES.

BERKSHIRE, for the best of reasons, has been long termed "The Royal County of England." Away back in the shadows of Saxon history, the Vale of the White Horse, that beautiful stretch of country lying between the Thames and the Berkshire Chalk hills, was the hunting ground of Alfred the Great, and Wantage, then the capital of this vale, his birth-place. Reading, another of the famous towns of this shire, was much loved by that ambitious and vigorous ruler, Henry I. Here he built a great abbey for his own last resting place. His daughter, Matilda, the wife of William IV., of Germany, and afterwards the troubled fighting wife of Geoffrey of Anjou, and mother of Henry II., was buried here.

It is Windsor, however, which has given to Berkshire its greatest claims to royal distinction. This royal home has been closely identified with the lives and doings of every English sovereign, from the time of Edward the Confessor, to this year — the Jubilee of our "Victoria the Good."

In the reign of Edward III., Windsor Castle harboured two captive kings, David of Scotland, and John of France, and also held captive, Philip, the son of the latter. And here, at this time, was instituted the Order of the Garter. Undoubtedly we are more indebted to this Edward than to any other sovereign for the royal significance of Windsor Castle. As we gaze upon this pile of towers and battlements, we

instinctively have in mind the restorer, Edward III. We are impressed with the feeling that somehow it is still Edward's Castle, as in the days when he left it in its great strength and glory. We wander about its parks, that we may view its varied aspects, and from all points of the compass we gain a new, impressive feature, grand in its proportions and comeliness. Yet we are gazing upon a distinctively Windsor Castle. There is but one surely. Look we upon that angle which gives us Edward's Tower, or Salisbury Tower, or Brunswick Tower, or Wakefield Tower, or Cæsar's Tower, or Winchester Tower, we have the great Round Tower proudly rising above them all, and floating still from above it is the Royal standard or the Union Jack.

When Royalty is in residence the royal flag is seen from day to day, from generation to generation, by the children of Berkshire far and near; for Windsor can be viewed from Berkshire as well as from many other different counties. Thus we see it is quite natural for the youth of Berkshire, as well as the aged to claim theirs the "Royal County."

We truly are in a region where, at every turn we see something to remind us that we are in a land teeming with memorials of the acts of both kings and people, out of which our nation has become what she is to-day. From Windsor we glide down the Thames midst most exquisite river scenery, enhanced in interest by the inspiration and touch of venerable, beautiful classic institutions of high culture in our midst, for here upon our left, overshadowing us is renowned Eton College. Only three and a half miles off is Runny-

meade, and a little beyond is Magna Charter Island. This islet shrine of British liberty is a charming piece of country scenery. The traveller is here shown, in excellent state of preservation, the table on which King John signed the Great Charter. Near by are the Ankerwick yew trees, some of which flourished in the days of William the Conqueror, and under one of which tradition says, Henry VIII. wooed the beautiful and unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

Trees are sacred in England, especially those which were planted, or have been nurtured, by the direction of Royalty. Looking out from Windsor Castle, at George IV.'s Gateway, between York and Lancaster Towers, we see before us probably as fine an avenue of elms as exists anywhere. These were planted in the days of Charles II. It is a charming drive, with footpaths on each side beneath double rows of elms. Upon Snow Hill, across a vale three miles distant, is the colossal equestrian statue of George III., placed upon a lofty pile of rough granite. Here we gather, as mementoes, sprigs of blooming hawthorn, and are generously given by the care-taker a small limb of a Norway pine.

Looking out over the magnificent Windsor Park, from the sight of the "Bronze Horse," we are strikingly reminded of the rough and unkindly treatment of our trees in America. We see with us sentinels everywhere, whose duty is to arrest nature in its efforts to beautify our land—not so in England.

Berkshire can boast too, of furnishing, for many years, and on many special occasions, the seat of England's parliaments. Beginning at the reign of Richard

I., parliament sat at Reading, and so they were continued at intervals to 1416. The last occasion was during the plague in London, when parliament was adjourned from Westminster. In 1314, one Nicholas-At-Oke, a farmer near by, presented a petition to parliament asking to be reimbursed for a quantity of oats, which the King's (Edward II.) servants had taken forcibly for the benefit of the King's chickens. He was awarded £3 11s. 4d.

It was in Berkshire also that the great Reformation had some of its most noteworthy beginnings. Newbury, up the Vale of the Kennet, about 25 miles in a westerly direction from Windsor, was the scene of touching martyrdoms for the cause of religious liberty. Christopher Shoemaker was burnt here in 1518 for reading the Testament to one of his scholars. Julius Palmer, an inquirer, was suspected of heresy. He resigned his position of Fellow of Magdalen College. He was then hunted from place to place, and in one of his flights he went to his mother at Ensham (another Berkshire town) for consolation. She for cheer cursed him, and told him to believe as his fathers. "Faggots I have to burn thee" said she, "more thou gettest not from me." As he sorrowfully left his intolerant mother's presence, to go to his doom, she threw an old angel after him, with the command that he should keep it, that he might be "a true man." It is a sad story. In July, 1556, Palmer is tried at Newbury before Dr. Jeffery, Sir William Ramsford, Sir Richard Abidges, H. Newcombe, and the parson of Englefield. Dr. Jeffery, who conducts the trial, becomes too much annoyed and irritated at the answers of "the boy," and

the parson takes his place as questioner. The parley which follows is interesting in this connection, since it shows us that Berkshire has furnished its advocates for the broader faith, which the reformers fought for so bravely, and which should be to us a sacred heritage:—

Parson (pointing to the *pyx*) —“ What seest thou yonder? ”

Palmer —“ A canopy of silk bordered with gold.”

Parson —“ Yea, but what is within? ”

Palmer —“ A piece of bread in a clout, I trow.”

Jeffery —“ Thou speakest wickedly; but tell me, is Christ present in the sacrament or no? ”

Palmer —“ He is present.”

Jeffery —“ How is he present? ”

Palmer —“ The doctors say ‘*Modo ineffabili*,’ therefore why do you ask me? Would God ye had a mind ready to believe it, or I tongue able to express it unto you.”

Jeffery —“ What say you to the baptism of infants? ”

Palmer —“ I say that it standeth with God’s word, and therefore ought of necessity to be retained in the church ”

Jeffery —“ Ye have forgotten yourself, I wis, for ye write that children may be saved without it.”

Palmer —“ So I write, and so I say.”

Jeffery —“ Then it is not necessary to be frequented and continued in the church? ”

Palmer —“ Your argument is not good, Mr. Doctor.”

Jeffery —“ Will ye stand to it? ”

Palmer —“ Yea, Mr. Doctor, God willing.”

Jeffery —“ Note it, Registrar.”

Parson—"Thou art as forward a heretic as ever I talked withal."

The trial goes against Palmer. Arguments go for nothing, and fire and faggots must end the dispute. Sir Richard Abridges, Knight Sheriff of Berks, makes an effort to save him, but since he will not recant for "meat and drink and wife and farm," which Sir Richard offers with a real desire to save him, nothing can be done. The *Chronisler* describes the execution of this awful mockery thus:

"Sir Richard and the bailiffs of the town, with a great company of harnessed and weaponed men, conduct Palmer and the two silly men (two other martyrs) to the fire. They put off their raiment and went to the stake and kissed it, and when they were bound to the post, Palmer said: "Good people, pray for us that we may persevere unto the end, and for Christ his sake beware of Popish teachers, for they deceive you." As he spake this, a servant of one of the bailiffs threw a faggot at his face, that the blood gushed out in divers places. For the which fact the sheriff reviled him, calling him cruel tormentor, and with his walking stick brake his head, that the blood likewise ran about his ears. When the fire was kindled, and began to take hold upon their bodies, they lifted their hands towards heaven, and quietly and cheerfully, as though they felt no smart, they cried: 'Lord Jesu, strengthen us; Lord Jesu, assist us; Lord Jesu, receive our souls.' And so they continued, without struggling, holding up their hands and knocking their hearts, and calling upon Jesu until they ended their mortal lives."

About a quarter mile from Newbury, at the 'Sand

Pitts," on the Enborn Road, the traveller is shown the spot where was witnessed this awful shame of the Christian Church.

Newbury has its castle near by. Donnington Castle stands upon a hill overlooking Newbury, the Vales of Kennet and Lambourn. Richard II., during his minority, with his guardian, Sir Richard Abbesbury, occupied this castle, which is now but a small block of ruin. Shortly after it became the possession of the Chaucers. It is claimed by some, though disputed by others, that many of Geoffery Chaucer's poems were written under the then magnificent oaks of Donnington. Of the famous Donnington trees, Evelyn says in his "Discourse on Forest Trees": "Amongst which three were most remarkable from the ingenuous planter (if tradition hold), the famous English bard, G. Chaucer, of which one was called the King's, the other the Queen's, and a third Chaucer's oak. The first was fifty feet in height before any bough or knot appeared, and cut five foot square at the butt end, all clean timber. The Queen's was felled since the war, and held forty foot excellent timber, as straight as an arrow in growth and grain, and cutting four foot at the stub, and near a yard at the top. The oak was of a kind so excellent, cutting a grain clear as any clap-board (as appeared in the wainscot which was made thereof), that a thousand pities 'tis some seminary of acorns had not been propagated to preserve the species. Chaucer's Oak, though it were not of these dimensions, yet was it a very goodly tree."

It is a delightfully calm, clear, salubrious day when the writer visits Windsor Castle. Nature is favouring

us with weather, as it has this residence of sovereigns with variegated scenery, hill and dale, park and forest, and delightful river. It is a day of grand days ; a day that we would fain extend to weeks that we might fully enjoy these rich surroundings. Then we want a full day to look upon the external aspects of the famous old pile before us, rearing its massive towers and irregular walls, each tower and turret, each wall and terrace and postern bearing its own history of thrilling interest. But what of the treasure house within ; of court, of art, of historical and poetical associations ? As we approach the famous structure, our mind is rapidly turning over the pages of Windsor's history. We go back to the reign of Edward the Confessor, and we find that pious ruler granted the grounds, as well as the whole of the town of Windsor, to the Abbey of St. Peter at Westminster. Then William the Conqueror regained royal possession and built a fortress. Henry I. enlarged it, and built a chapel in which was celebrated his marriage with Adelais of Lorraine. Then, in 1170, Henry II. held parliament here, and besides the English barons in attendance, William, King of Scotland, and his brother David, were present. Edward I. and Edward II. occupied the castle, and Edward III., the quiet benefactor of Windsor, was born here. Charles I., in the early days of his reign, held brilliant court here in apartments which later on harboured him as prisoner. Charles II. resided in this royal home in great splendour. George I. occasionally occupied Windsor, while George III. made it his principal residence.

Many millions of pounds have been expended in rearing this royal structure by its many royal occupiers.

There are three principal entrances to the Castle Court. We enter by the gateway of Henry VIII. to the lower ward. We have climbed to the summit of the 100 ft. hill on which it rests from the slopes via Thames street, past Winchester Tower, and buckling around Caesar's Tower, up High street, past Castle Tower, and around Salisbury Tower. In the entrance to the gateway we pass the fine bronze jubilee statue of the reigning Queen. The inhabitants of Windsor erected this ten years ago to commemorate her Majesty's Jubilee.

The Lower Ward is that part of the castle west of the great Round Tower, and formed the whole of the castle before the reign of Edward III. In its circuit are the towers which we just named, and also Henry VIII's. The first object which is particularly noticed on entering the Ward is Her Majesty's Chapel of St. George. On the south are the Wards of the Military Knights, and the military doing duty at the castle. At the north are the ecclesiastical offices of the establishment. The Belfry or Caesar's Tower was erected by Henry III., and the lower part has remained intact since its foundation. The walls of the vaulted crypt are $12\frac{1}{2}$ ft. thick. It is a chamber 22 ft. in diameter. From this tower a subterranean passage has been discovered leading under the Thames to Burnham Abbey. It is about three miles in length, ten feet high and six feet wide, built of solid masonry. It is supposed to have been constructed to effect the escape of the garrison when in danger. Caesar's Tower is the Clock Tower, and was such in the time of Edward III., for by the issue roll of the 51st year of that sovereign

£50 was expended for a new bell for the clock. Another noteworthy entrance to the Lower Ward is the "Hundred Steps." These steps are gained through a gateway from Thames street, opposite Winchester Tower and Albert Chapel, these are approached through a gateway to a flight of steps, which winds around the hill to a small platform at which is a postern gate, studded with iron bolts, through which you are led to another flight of stone steps, within the castle. At the top are the Dean's cloisters, communicating with St. George's Chapel and St. George's School.

Partly upon the site of St. George's Chapel was a chapel erected by Henry I., and dedicated to Edward the Confessor. This was destroyed: Henry III. next built a chapel here, a portion of which still remains. The present noble structure was commenced in the reign of Edward IV. in the year 1474, and has been enlarged and much improved by succeeding sovereigns. At the south front entrance is a small porch. Upon the wall of this porch is a brass plate on which is this inscription:

"Here lyeth George Brock, sometyne yeoman of the Garde unto King H. the 8, Ed. the 6, Queene Mary, and unto Queene Elizabeth, that now is until the tyme of his death, who died 24 day of October, 1593, in the 35 yere of her Ma'ties reign.

"Me lyved content with meane estat,
And long ago prepared to die;
The idle parson he did hate;
Poore people's wants he did supply."

The principal entrance to the chapel is at the west

end of the nave, by a fine flight of stone steps. At the end, too, is the great West Window, consisting of tiers displaying seventy-five figures, representing Edward the Confessor, Edward IV., Henry VII., knights, patriarchs, bishops, etc., interspersed with heraldic bearings, insignia of the Order of the Garter. Inscribed upon the bottom of the window is this prayer of the daily service at the Chapel: "God save our Gracious Sovereign, and all companions of the honourable and noble Order of the Garter."

One of the important monuments in this chapel is the one erected by the Queen in the memory of her distinguished father, the Duke of Kent. It is a marble effigy upon an alabaster sarcophagus. Another is the cenotaph of H. R. H. The Princess Charlotte.

The architecture of St. George's Chapel is very grand, and the carvings of oak and stone are said to be unsurpassed. It is of the perpendicular style, and fine in proportion.

In the choir, the ceremony of installing the Knights of the Order of the Garter is performed. At the steps to the communion table is a tablet upon the paved floor, which denotes that here was the temporary resting place of the late Prince Consort. On each side of the choir are the stalls of the knights, each bearing the name of the knight whose stall it is, his office and titles. Over the stall is a canopy supporting the sword, helmet, and mantle of the knight.

The royal vault is beneath the centre of this choir, where are the remains of Henry VIII., Lady Jane Seymour, and Charles I.

The organ, between the nave and the choir, was

erected by George III. at a cost of one thousand guineas. It has since been much improved, and is of extremely fine tone.

The Albert Memorial Chapel is but 68 feet in length, 25 feet in breadth, and 60 feet in height. It is considered one of the most splendid interiors in the world. It is indeed rich in its decorations, brilliant in its memorial windows and gold mosaics. Here is a grand cenotaph of antique marble to Prince Albert, buried at Frogmore. Interred here, in the royal vaults, are Princess Charlotte, Queen Charlotte, George III., George IV., Queen Adelaide, and George V., King of Hanover.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has done much to embellish this chapel, in order to perpetuate the memory of the Prince Consort.

Upon a lofty artificial mound, once surrounded by a moat (now partly filled), between the Lower and the Upper Wards, stands the lofty Keep or Round Tower. Held captive here was once King John of France and David King of Scotland. For a violation of ecclesiastical canons during Lent, the Earl of Surrey was subject to a severe imprisonment here. Under Oliver Cromwell's sway, a number of the Royalist party were confined here, notably the Earls of Lindsay and Lauderdale.

An ascent of one hundred steps from the Ward, brings the visitor to the main building. A piece of ordnance here commands the whole staircase. An arched gallery leads to the interior. Here is seen the bell taken at Sebastopol in the Crimean War. It weighs 17 cwt. At the sides of the apartments are posterns opening upon a battery.

Moving on, to the Upper Ward of the Castle, we are arrested in our progress by a sentinel who informs us that the Queen is "just over yonder," in the archway. The Queen, who has just been out driving, is alighting from her carriage. Two Indian body servants are assisting her, and the splendid span of grays soon emerge from the arch and proceed out by George IV.'s gateway to the Royal Mews. The Queen being in residence, the public are not admitted to the state apartments.

It is in Berkshire, too, that we find Cumnor Hall, about fifty miles up the Thames from Windsor. It is another fifty miles to Kenilworth Castle. In the days of Amy Robsart the journey from Kenilworth to Cumnor in one night was something to accomplish. Here now little is to be seen of the old hall, but there is a monument to Anthony Foster. Amy was buried at Cumnor, but Sir John Robsart caused the body of his daughter to be disinterred for a coroner's examination. The trial amounted to nothing. The Earl of Leicester, to make a show of feeling, had the Countess buried again with great splendour and solemn ceremony in St. Mary's Church at Oxford.

Berkshire is an agricultural county. Its minerals are not very important, and its manufactories are nil. The cloth and clothing trade was considerable at one time, but it is all gone. The civil wars crushed it out.

Of the farms of Berkshire, Charles Knight, the historian, wrote in his "*Once Upon a Time*": "The manners of the farmers and their in-door labourers were primitive as their turf fires. This obsolete homeliness is as rare now as the thymy fragrance of their

smoke that curled out of the forest chimney. The large kitchen, where the master and mistress dwelt in simple companionship with their men and their maidens. The great oaken table which groaned with the plentiful Sunday dinner—the one dinner of fresh meat during the week : the huge basins of milk and brown bread for the ploughman and carter and ploughboy before they went afield ; the cricket after work in summer ; and the song and chorus in the common room as the day grew short ; these are pleasant to remember amidst the other changed things of a past generation.”

Knight was quite prepared to give correct information on this point, as he was a native of Windsor. In the Town Hall is a marble bust of the author, on which is the following inscription :

“ His chosen work through life was to bring good literature within the reach of all.”

It is claimed that at the beginning of the century there were more independent farmers (or those holding their own lands) in Berkshire than in any other county in England. At the middle of the century about one-third of the county was occupied by the proprietors, and one-third by rack-rent tenants.

A TRIP TO KEW BY THE THAMES.

IT is another delightful, clear and calm morning, on which we seek a day of pleasure in a trip to another of the many enjoyable and famous spots by the River Thames. There are, 'tis true, vexatious uncertainties and misunderstandings which mar our peace of mind a little at our start, but these are all finally overcome, and happier moves the trend of our doings. We have our moods and moods: what beings do not? But on these jubilee days all our moods finally are of the very agreeable sort. Visiting the delightful pleasure haunts by the Thames we experience something of what Wordsworth felt when he wrote:—

“That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lighted! That serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the joy
We see into the life of things.”

We take the underground train for Westminster Station, and from there we step over to the river steamer's landing steps where we get tickets for Kew. We soon discover that our tickets read from “London Bridge to Kew,” so to London Bridge we go that we

may have the longer journey upon the delightful River Thames. It is now . . . a pleasure.

We glide along by the left bankment, past Temple Court, always a subject for at least a passing thought, and Somerset House, of memorable associations, and Cleopatra's Needle, and to the very finished and classic looking pile, Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's, and the Parliament Buildings. We have already passed under several of the noble bridges of the Thames.

We note the progress toward completion of the fine Tate Gallery of Art, which rests upon the site of old Millbank Prison. Millbank Prison was never much of a success, being damp, unhealthy, and altogether uncomfortable. In its place rises, at least, more a thing of beauty, and where, too, the happier side of human nature may find expression. We are leaving on our left Lambeth Palace. We talk of the Palace and snatches of its history as we move on; of its being the London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury since the twelfth century; how it was plundered in that rebellion in the days of Wat Tyler and the farmers of Kent, of which we wrote in a former article; how the Archbishop of Sudbury was seized and beheaded by the infuriated rebels at that time; how the Parliamentary soldiers, in 1642, dismantled the chapel and destroyed the painted windows, and how in Lollard's Tower are still the iron rings which secured the victims of the fanatic times of the seventeenth century.

Rambling on with our delightful task, talking of the memorable happenings of the past, while at every turn we round upon this wonderful river, we have

pressed upon us another and another subject even more and more fascinating; we find ourselves nearing Chelsea Suspension Bridge. Passing on we have Chelsea Hospital on our right. This is another of Sir Christopher Wren's great architectural triumphs. It is of brick, and accommodates 540 pensioners. In addition, 70 receive outside aid from its funds. Here, in the great hall was witnessed the imposing spectacle attending the lying in state of the remains of the Iron Duke, which continued from November 11th to 17th in 1852.

The grounds of Ranelagh, the former haunt of fashion, lie eastward of the hospital; "Where kings and ambassadors, statesmen, and literati, court beauties, ladies of fashion and the demi-monde, met and mingled at the Ranelagh as they now meet nowhere in the metropolis."

It was here, too, at the Manor House in Chelsea, that Queen Elizabeth lived when a girl of thirteen. So too, had Thomas Moore his residence here for a time, and was then visited by Erasmus. And here Holbein painted some of his masterpieces. The intellectual atmosphere of Chelsea, and its neighbourhood, must have been for long attractive to the cultured. Just near by, at Cheyne Walk, George Eliot wrote her great works and here she died. Leigh Hunt's works were also in this favoured spot produced. In truth literature was indeed focussed here at one time, as has been truly remarked, for in his day around Thomas Carlyle at Cheyne Walk, "clustered all the men of letters."

While we have been revelling in pleasant talk about

Chelsea and Cheyne Walk, our steamer has been gliding along past many places of great interest, and now we are at Chiswick, where William Hogarth painted his great works. At Chiswick he died, and was buried in the village churchyard near by. These touching lines by David Garrick, the great actor, are engraved upon his tombstone, for the reader to think and ponder over:—

“Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart;
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.”

We are truly in the very presence of solemn and touching memories, for just here Charles James Fox went away to his rest, and George Canning, another of the honoured dead, a few years later followed.

But our companion in our travels is bright and joyous, and so would we be, and therefore we must not linger longer in these sober memories of the past.

“Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be our teacher,
She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and our hearts to bless.”

We are moving up to Kew Bridge. Strong and safe, as it is imposing in appearance, we have thought Kew Bridge, but it appears now that this impression is not correct, and the present structure is soon to be removed and a new one to be erected.

We land. We skip along past Kew church without a stop. It is an historic edifice, where are the remains of the old Duke of Cambridge, Gainsborough, and Hooker the Botanist. At the entrance to the church the following curious epitaph is inscribed upon a slab:—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF
ROBERT AND ANN PLAISTOW,
LATE OF TYSO, NEAR EDY HILL.
DIED AUGUST THE 28th, 1728.

"At Tyso they were born and bred,
And in the same good lives they led,
Until they came to marriage state,
Which to them was most fortunate.
Near sixty years of mortal life
They were a happy man and wife;
And being so by nature ty'd,
When one fell sick the other dy'd,
And both together laid in dust
To wait the rising of the just."

Enough of this. We want to get among the flowers and the shrubs and the Park of renowned Kew. For they are indeed here in royal perfection.

The gardens of Kew occupy seventy-five acres, and are considered the finest in the world. We walk through the Palm House and view, with admiration, the grandeur and variety of these natives of the tropics. Notwithstanding, we do not much relish the intense heat, and consequently make our stay as short as possible. The Palm House is three hundred and sixty-two feet long.

We are delighted with what we see in the Water Lily House. At the Water Lily House we see lily

leaves five feet in diameter. On these, it is said, a man can stand and be borne up by a leaf with safety.

The Kew rose trees are in bloom, and we fully appreciate our opportunity to behold them in their perfection. Their variety and magnificence are unequalled. Some are very richly laden with perfume.

Pleasure grounds, paths and flowers are arranged everywhere at Kew with great artistic taste.

Of the many objects of interest in the gardens is the flagstaff. It is a trunk of Carlifornia Pine — one hundred and fifty-nine feet long — and is said to be the longest piece of timber in the world.

Kew Palace was built in Queen Elizabeth's time. Queen Charlotte died at this royal home, which was also at one time the residence of Queen Caroline, wife of George II.

The great charm of Kew is in its character being less of the formal type of gardening, and more of an approach to the rural and natural. The development from one to the other has been gradual, and its history is interesting. Gardening at Kew to-day bears no resemblance to that of the beginning of the 18th century. Then it was of the formal type behind hedges and walls. That now charming lake, as a polished mirror, reflecting the lofty trees, or in deep silhouette, in its graceful sweep by lawn and sylvan glades as we now see it, was, forty years ago, merely a flat piece of land. Verily, these stately trees, the sylvan glades, the sweep of lawn, so fascinating to the eye and the heart, are a combination of nature and the refined art of man. It is to the rural riches of Kew that our inclinations lead us. Here we ramble

in joy of heart 'mid the glorious trees in the fond
quiets of air and sky and all things which pervades
this paradise:—

“Spirit of Nature; though
Imperishable as this glorious scene,
Here is thy fitting temple.”

We tarry, we linger long about these luxuries of
scene and sight. We feast here with nature divine.
And why not here, where God and man have joined
in grand consummation their mission of harmony and
peace; where hope may anticipate a glad fruition;
where solace and healing balm to the soul that comes
weary and worn with striving. Surely if there be
that great central principle divine, it is in these whis-
perings—assurance of hope and peace. We partake
of the great divine essence and are one with nature.

We stroll further to the still more rural features of
this glad panorama. On either side is the yew tree,
in its thick green foliage; the graceful elm and the
rich chestnut. More welcome still is our contact with
the beech, the queen of English trees, with its wealth
of feathery leaves, nowhere else more beautiful than
we see about us here to-day. Over yonder, by a
gentle slope, stands a fine representative of this noble
species of the English forest. The stem is a delicate
grey. Its frail leaves are richly tinted, its dainty
twigs are tinged with purple, while glimpses of its
limbs as silvery arms peep through the foliage. This
is a typical English beech. We come to it and rest
awhile beneath its shady branches, and we find it cool
and delightful. Other beeches than this of ours, as is
noticed elsewhere, have to their trunks a variety of

shades of colour, ranging from light to quite dark. This is very much owing to the different shades of light cast upon them. Jefferies says: "You may look at the bark of the beech twenty times and always find it different. There are indeed few trees affected more than this by varieties of light and leaf, shadow, change of day, and rainy and dry weather."

Truly we can now appreciate Jefferies in such sentiments as these: "To be with trees, the heart feels nearer to that depth of life which the fair sky means. The rest of the spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within the touch of thought."

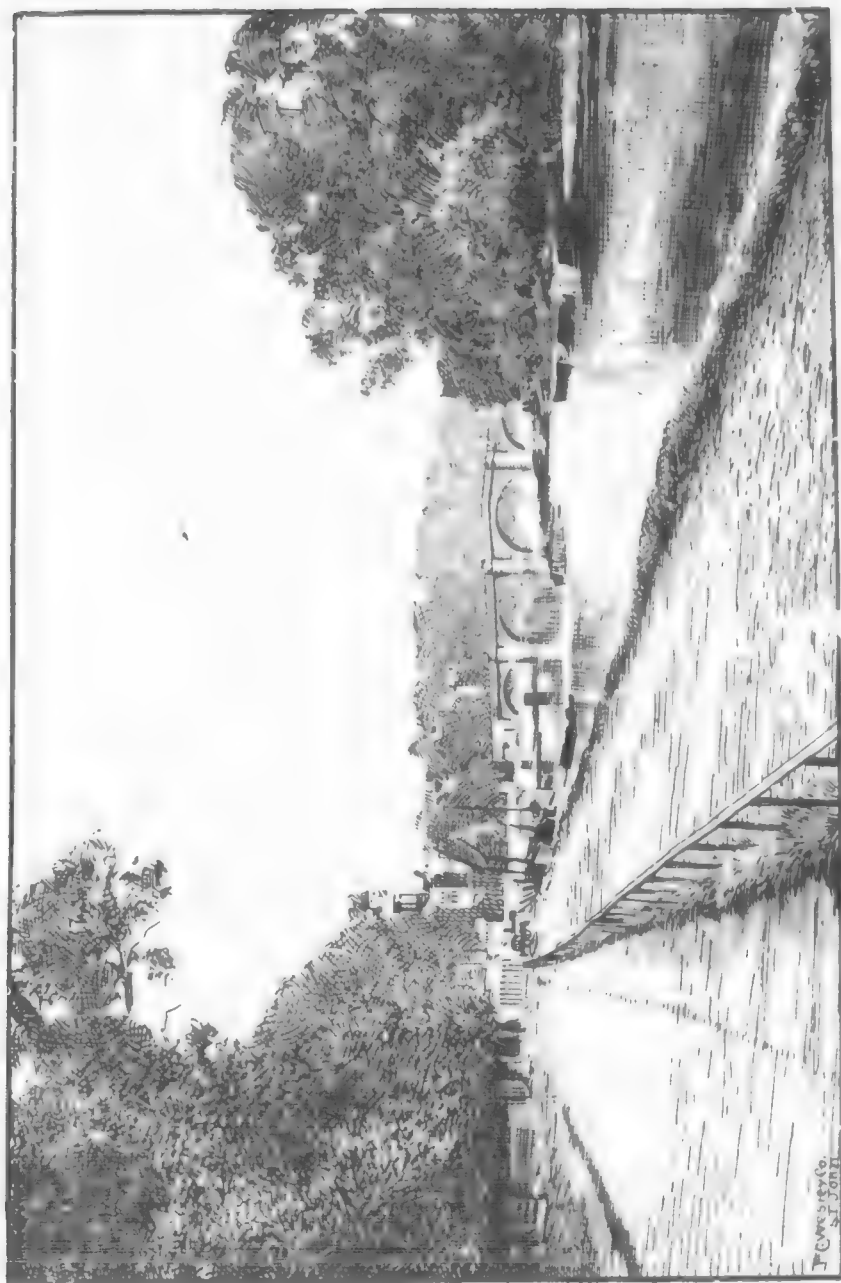
'Tis not alone the exquisite grace of beauty that we see in tree and forest scene which charms us now, but vastly more, for up through the open spaces we get glimpses of the celestial dome of blue, through which are floating the cloud "fleets of heaven," onward, onward, bearing their own peculiar message. While around is the silence of the forest, exclusively its own, yet all is life, music, and complete with purpose; the delicious march of the soft winds moving onward chanting to the time of the swaying tree-tops; the birds in time to this never ending melody, the life in countless hosts of insects, leaf and blade, and then that tangible reality of existence, the woody perfume, all bearing up to an ideal image of beauty.

Rare July grasses still remain just here. A feathery blossom of a delicate brown top is a souvenir of our thoughts and impressions on this day at Kew. It is but a little thing of beauty; it shall, however, be a fit representative of the many things of beauty of which we see and think to-day.

P. S.—Many hundred miles away from Kew I am pondering over these lines in memory of our day at that delightful pleasure ground, and I ask myself, why our great love of nature? It would indeed take a long time to answer this query. I think, however, that it is somewhat because it is faithful; its beauty comes so near fulfilling our conception of the ideal; just as we love true friendship, and as we love real beauty in painting, in sculpture, in human life.

The object which comes to respond to our ideal wish will be satisfactory in proportion to its powers or its attributes or its real or apparent solicitude in behalf of our craving. The ideals which we look for in ourselves can seldom satisfy, because whatever we do, be it along the lines of humanity, morality or religion, the best we can do, as has been truly said, must seem empty, narrow and unsatisfactory. Even when life itself is offered for the good of another life, it may seem inadequate; it has so appeared.

We wish to receive — we crave — more than we can conceive it possible to give in return. What then? Devotion to our ideals, faithful homage to the natural in its fidelity, in its beauty, be it in landscape, in flower or bird, in human form, or in human action, as it comes spontaneous, as from the bosom of truth — and nature is all truth. Thus will we be looking out from ourselves to still loftier ideals.



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

J. C. W. & Co.
Richmond, Va.

RICHMOND TO STAINES BY THE THAMES.

"Oh gift of God! a perfect day;
Whereon shall no man work but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing but to be.

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life that seems almost too much."

—*Longfellow.*

FROM Richmond to Walingford is the middle division of the three-fold divisions of the Thames. To-day we go from Richmond to Staines, about one-half the course of the middle division. Yesterday, we had a delightful steam trip over that portion of the lower division from London Bridge to Kew. It was lovely weather when we reached Richmond. The sun's rays, which were rather bright at Kew, were mellowing behind the land haze, and it was consequently cooler and the closing day delightfully agreeable, a gem of summer time.

We sauntered slowly along the terrace, sometimes leaning many minutes upon the walls, and then to comfortable seats which were numerous, that we might drink deep of, and carry away as much as possible the enchanting sense and scene. Just below, and extending far away by the hillside was the base of the terrace, which was really terrace upon terrace

of beautiful garden and shrubbery, bits of exquisite lawn and winding walks; the flowers in their richest foliage and bloom, the rose tree showing with proud dignity its rich decorations of bright colour, and the wealth of flowers breathing upward toward us special wafts of delicate perfume. Leisurely below moved the noble Thames, here a mirror and there a deep silhouette with here and there a boat resting or gliding over its smooth surface, freighted with beings enjoying or seeking pleasure. Farther up the course of the terrace was the great hotel, the Star and Garter, while out before us beyond terrace and Thames, stretched miles and miles of hill and dale, park and meadow, twenty or thirty miles of eye-sweep into the blue mists, where park and grassy hillside are merged into one.

A glory hovered about the beech and the oak and every other forest tree away in the far distance yesterday eve, as they towered above and amidst the blue, blue mists, centred, as it were, in the deep vales between.

Near by in the meadows beyond the Thames, the hay makers were busy gathering to their wagons the, no doubt, well made hay; while here and there out from the blue or through the trees, came the sound of the mower, the click, click, just as we hear it in America. Sir Walter Scott described the view from Richmond Hill and terrace as unrivalled. Pope, Thompson, and Wordsworth have immortalized it in verse, and now I have seen it for a little, and give my impressions.

We hie away to Richmond Park and reach its

highest points to enjoy magnificent scenery, and then we sweep around a great enclosure of dense forest, and for a few minutes sit under oak trees, whose youth must have been contemporary with the Edwards and the Henrys, Kings of England. We are pointed out Pembroke Lodge, where the famous John Russell resided; White Lodge, occupied now by the Duke and Duchess of Teck.*

Henry VII. gave to Richmond its title, which once was Shene, a fitting one, expressing brightness. In the Parish church, lie the remains of Thompson the poet, and Keen the actor.

Richmond Park contains over 2,255 acres, and has been pointed out to me at points far, far away.

Richmond contains a population of about 22,000, and rests upon a dry clay and gravel soil, and is certainly a very bright nice little town. Here was once a royal residence. The first three Edwards resided here. Henry VII. once held a great tournament at his manor of Richmond. Queen Elizabeth was at one time imprisoned here; later she resided, and finally died here; and Charles I. passed many of his dreary, troubled days at Richmond.

And now we are at the landing pier for a start on our trip to Staines, an hour too early for the steamer, which does not start until eleven. Richmond Bridge, near by us, looks a tempting place to tarry for a few minutes. We are upon it now, spying out this and that spot famous in history. 'Tis a lovely land in which to labour for the discovery of relics of the past, for they seem to meet one half way, so ready are they to be embraced. Just at our right, upon the side of

* Since the first publication of this article the Duchess of Teck has died.

the river opposite Richmond Hill, is York House, the birthplace of Queen Anne, and also that of her sister Mary. Within gunshot, away up the Thames, is Eel Pie Island, containing seven acres of ground and a hotel, famous as a resort for boating men and picnic parties.

We are the first passengers to reach the steamer. She is a typical Thames river boat, a stern propeller, with a speed of about eight miles per hour, and has a spacious deck. Over the saloon deck is a scarlet awning. Her dining-room is not large, but, I should think, ample for the requirements of her business; is fairly well equipped with bar, lavatory, etc., and is generally equal to the average river boat. The American harbour and river pleasure steamer is a much more gay and showy thing. We choose seats over the foremost part of the saloon deck. Being first, we place our seats exactly to suit ourselves. This is an important matter, since we will be eight hours or more on board.

The lines are off. The little engine is set free, and we are away. Matter is changing form. Coal and oxygen are to disappear, and a new force created in pleasure, the immaterial wealth of fifty human beings. How much will go into annihilation? How much into a gracious reproductive consumption, and appear in higher forms of matter and sense? Is a thrill of pleasure, joy, gladsome days, knowledge, and all mental wealth a annihilation? Not necessarily so: on the contrary, the very germ, the essence, the soul of life. Well, where are we? At Twickenham. Twickenham is a low, rambling village, partly shut

off from our view by the tall trees and dense foliage along the river bank, and at the rear of the riverside residences and gardens. We are told of a St. Mary's Church, but we cannot see it. However, we believe it to be there, and to be beautifully decked with ivy. Pope died at Twickenham in 1744, and was buried in St. Margaret's Churchyard. An admirer of Pope, Bishop Waberton, caused a monument to be erected to the poet, on which is the following inscription:

"Heroes and kings your distance keep,
In peace let our poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you,
Let Horace blush and Virgil too."

Buried here also is the actress, Kitty Clive.

Twickenham is seventeen and a half miles from London, and has a population of 16,000. The soil is alluvial and vegetation very luxuriant. The gardens and lawns are very beautiful. Indeed all along we are pointing out to each other constantly some charming garden plot, grotto, tea-garden, or beautiful sweep of flower beds, running on the curved lines of the river, leaving between a strip of lawn. Passing a pretty residence, where the artistic effect was something like this, we discover that we are looking upon the riverside residence of Dunlop of rubber tyre fame.

Mr. Labouchere's residence is a very pretty place. It is named Pope's Villa. The house of Peg Woffington was near by. Poor Peg. She was a kind hearted, clever creature, but was not always treated as she deserved. She rose to a high place as an actress, and had admirers who were not always true. She married an Irishman who left her. Then she and Garrick

became friends. She used her means to supply a sumptuous board, and Garrick saved his and lived upon hers. It is one of the pathetic stories of misplaced confidence. Just a little in the distance is Strawberry Hill, the seat of Horace Walpole. The building is still standing I am told, though very little like what it was in the days of its founder. Twickenham has a park which was once the property of Sir Francis Bacon.

We have quite a number of locks to pass on our journey to Staines. They add novelty to the trip, especially to the traveller who is accustomed to journeying hundreds of miles on rivers, without ever thinking of locks. About these stopping places, the summer holiday party and guests at the village inn and from the house boats will be lounging around the grassy knolls, or fishing from the walls and dams, just as we see now at Teddington Lock, to which we are now drawing up. Luscious strawberries are offered from the walls. Ninepence per quart is asked. They are selling for fourpence in London. We do not encourage the Teddington enterprise. It is so everywhere, if you want country produce at a low price go to the city for it.

We fortunately have a memorandum of all the Locks upon our course to-day. Teddington Lock is eighteen and a half miles from London. It is a first rate stone lock with a fall of about nine feet. There is a smaller lock and also a broad roller for small boats which consists of a sort of sluiceway over the wall which separates the two bodies of water, inclining each way to the water. On the bottom of the

sluice is a framed flooring with rollers, over which the boat is easily moved. We have seen them go over. It is a picturesque place here at this lock; the locks, the sluice, the rapids over the dam, and the high bridges to the island, which is just here, and a pretty country about.

Teddington Village is a place of about 10,000 inhabitants. It is at the eastern extremity of Bushy Park, that grand Chestnut Park, stretching out from Hampton Court. On the wall of the village church over the reading desk is a mural tablet with scrolls, skull and cherubs, which commemorates that famous actress, Peg Woffington, or, as the inscription has it, Margaret Woffington, spinster, who died aged 39 years in 1700.

Moving on we soon come to the historic town of Kingston. Fortunately my fellow traveller knows very much about these places. I learn a little more, and so the tale is made up. The first object of interest which meets the eye on nearing Kingston is a fine old five arch stone bridge, across our course, over the Thames. Kingston is prominent in history. Cæsar left his marks, which are seen to-day in fragments of camps and remains of Roman roads. The Great Council of Witenagemot was convened here by King Egbert in 836, which council was attended by his son Athelwolf, and Ceolnothus, archbishop of Canterbury. Upon the coronation stone in the market place, are the names of the kings who were crowned here: Eadweard 901; Edmund 943; Eadwig 955; Adelstan 923; Eadred 946; Eadward 973; Aedelred 978.

In 1264, Henry III. destroyed Kingston Castle, then

the property of the Earl of Gloucester. Kingston was the scene of many conflicts during the time of the civil wars. In 1648 Lord Francis Villiers was killed near this town. It is a bright centre of interest to the holiday seeker, being very pretty and conveniently situated.

Very beautiful gardens and public walks extend along the river side for miles, all adding to the charm of Kingston. We enjoy them vastly, as we skim along past.

The parish church is dedicated to "All Saints." It contains many monuments of interest. One curious epitaph upon a memorial stone to Thomas Hayward, 1665, reads as follows:—

"Earth to earth,
Ashes to ashes lye, on ashes tread,
Ashes engraved these words which ashes read,
Then what poor thing is man when a gust
Can blow his ashes to the elder dust?
More was intended but a wind did rise
And filled with ashes both my mouth and eyes."

Kingston is twenty and a half miles from London, has excellent railway communication, and has a population of 33,000 souls.

Thames Ditton, on our left, is twenty-two and a half miles from London, is a very pretty village, and was a very popular resort for anglers in the days of Theodore Hook, who made his verse in praise of Swan Inn. The old hostelry is seen from the boat as we pass. The railway now carries the traveller to other points, and Ditton consequently suffers.

The House Boat is a popular institution now upon

the Thames. Generally it is an oblong house, floating upon the water. It can be towed at the pleasure of the owner from place to place. They are finished in all conceivable ways and shapes and sizes. Many of them are beautifully decorated, and much artistic taste is displayed in the arrangements of blinds and flowers. The roof is usually covered with blooming flowers—scarlet geraniums, calceolarias, lobelias, and other bright midsummer bloom. Some of these holiday season homes are much admired by us, as they closely nestle beneath the branches of the overhanging trees. One in Japanese style is of special interest. They do not appear to be all occupied. The season is hardly on. However, we notice large piles of boxes, hampers, and travellers' luggage, indicating the near arrival of the occupiers. Others are now being set in order for the season. The Jubilee festivities in other quarters kept the interest away from here. These boats have, in some cases, private owners, but some are hired for the season of a house boat proprietor.

All along the river banks, upon the dry knolls, among the willow bushes, in the meadow, midst the strong river grass, anywhere, everywhere, are set up the wee summer houses and camping tents, some of them not larger than an ordinary tent, but so delightfully placed, and ornamented in all kinds of odd and delightful ways. So also are the ground plots attached. Lunches and teas are going on out upon the plots as we pass.

We are among the swans to-day. From Richmond this way we see them sailing out across the bow every

now and again. Usually they come in pairs, then up and down the shores, and then they are dashing away for the crumbs of the boatman, or a party upon land. They are very white and graceful. These birds are never thoroughly domesticated, for they never go to a home upon land, though owned by private parties. Each family of swans on the river has its own district, and if the limits of the district are encroached upon, a pursuit will take place, and the intruder driven away. These are the only differences which take place, and the harmony is usually undisturbed.

All day long we see men, old men, middle aged men, and boys and girls, hundreds of them, fish, fish, fish, from river bank, wall, meadow, from boat, punt, and gig, drifting with the current, moored across the current, or anchored with the current, and never a real, sparkling, undoubted fish seen. Some of these fishermen fish with one gear, and some with two, three and four. It is not because the wind is east, it is not because the stream is swollen by a freshet, it is not because of a recent thunderstorm; no, the fish have not been frightened in any of these ways. We conclude that there are no fish to be caught, or possibly the fish are getting sufficient food without the aid of the fishermen.

On further inquiry we find that there are undoubted proofs to hand of there being trout, pike, jack, perch, and chub in this part of the Thames. But, no jack or pike that is not eighteen inches long must bite with the intention of being caught; no trout less than sixteen inches; no chub less than ten inches; and no perch less than eight inches long. So the fisherman

may be quite as anxious to prevent a bite as otherwise sometimes. In this case he has a choice between the fun of catching a fish, and paying a fine. Fishing under such circumstances is not an unalloyed pleasure, as the diligence manifested to-day would seem to imply. One corpulent fisher, with his half dozen lines cast from the side of a punt, moored across the stream, was sitting three hours later, just in the same way that we left him first. I understand he goes through the same ordeal day after day. We wonder if he ever sees a fish at the bottom, and if he does not, what intellectual food he is feasting upon.

We see quite a good deal of punting. The Thames punt is quite a nice craft, being of oil or varnish finish. It is moved much as we move them in America, by a pole suited to the depth of the water.

All kinds of boats are moving or lying about the Thames to-day, from the beautiful steam launch and the eight oared outrigger to the two oared scull—some of them, I should think, perfect samples of boat craft.

About the river banks, upon the house boats, the river boats, and the punts, sitting, lounging, chatting, sleeping or reading, are groups of two, three, four or more young men and maidens—mostly maidens; some fine specimens of early manhood and womanhood, some ordinary, though all interesting to look upon or study as they appear in the group. Two of a group is a study, whether it be two young men, two young women, or one of each. A group of half a dozen happy, joyful girls, is really a pretty sight, notwithstanding singly and alone they be ordinary.

Grouped together, we see them in their spirits, thro' ghts, as they move, chatter and laugh. Singly we see their faces, and think we must know more of them to give them their value. Nowhere, methinks, could one find better subjects for study than here upon the Thames.

Englishmen, I think, do not appear so very much superior to Americans, though they certainly have finer physiques.

English women, on the whole, are very beautiful and delightful in their manners, and apparently very good. When in England last year, I was much in the company of several families in Manchester, of means and position, and I thought them, the women in particular, delightful in their homes. So I find them in London now.

We, in getting to Staines, pass five locks in all after leaving Teddington Lock as follows:—

Mousley, 23 miles from London.

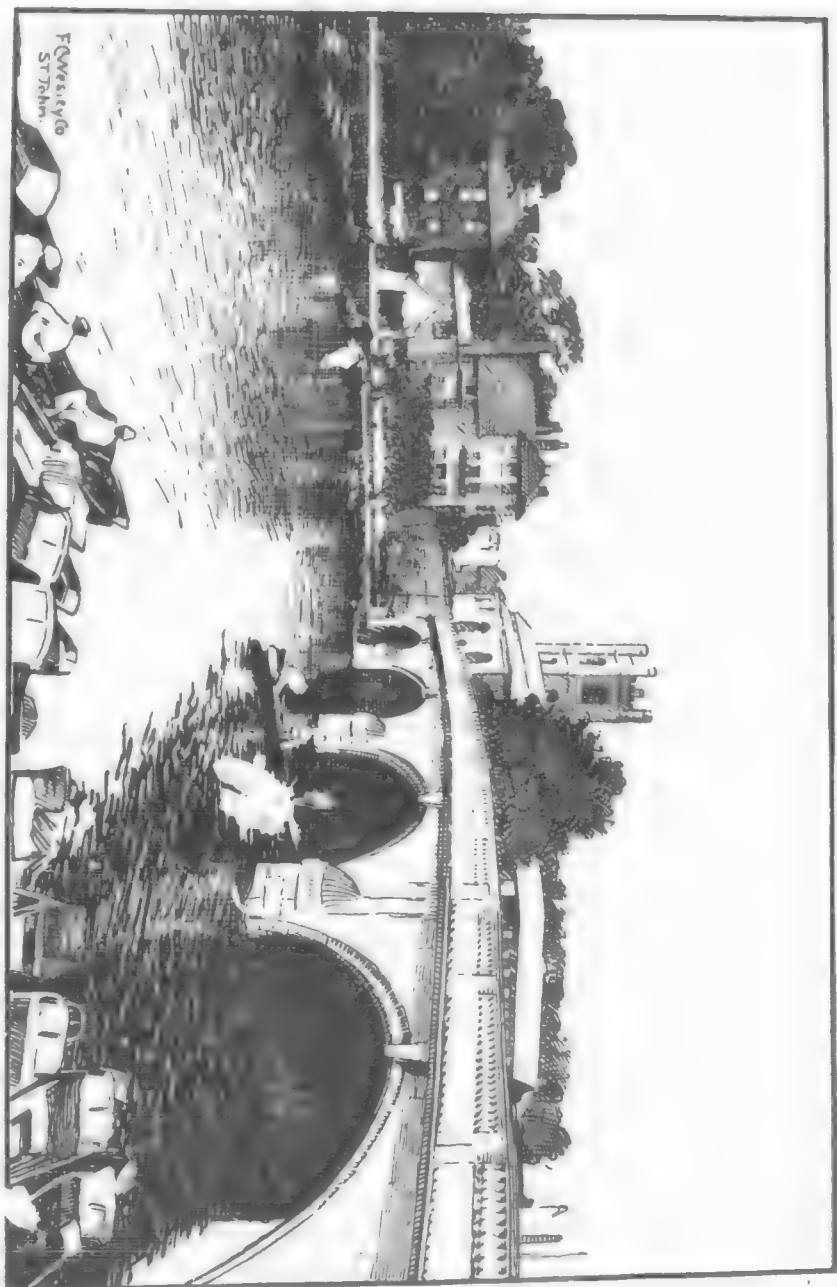
Sunbury, 26½ miles from London.

Shepperton, 30 miles from London.

Chertsey, 32 miles from London.

Penton, 34 miles from London.

We return to London about ten o'clock, after having enjoyed a most delightful day.



FOWELL & CO
STROM.

HENLEY BRIDGE.

TO THE HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA
ON THE THAMES.

FOR several days previous to the term of the Henley Regatta, of this, our Jubilee season, we were told by all our friends that to the great regatta we must go—for undoubtedly it would be the most enjoyable of all the festive occurrences of the time. July days in England, as with us, are at midday, usually a little hot for the most perfect enjoyment. Having this in mind we decided that on our day for Henley we would start out for our journey at an early hour. So by seven o'clock of this the 15th of July, we are at Paddington Station looking for a compartment on the Henley train. It is the second day of this popular event. Here we find crowds of people, of all classes and in all conceivable preparations for the trip. Some with no apparent thought for the comfort of the outer or inner man, and others overwhelmed with boxes, hampers and luggage of every description, for a term at Henley.

The carriages of this precious Henley train are crowded, but it is still cool and on the whole very enjoyable. Few trips in the country by rail are more thoroughly delightful than this ride to Henley. The quiet country scenes on this morning are beautiful indeed. Vegetation is at its best, and our glimpses of fields and trees, hills and dales, are all a joy to-day.

For quite a space out we have a fine view of the Harrow schools upon a high hill with grassy fields

upon its sides, dotted over with noble trees; and for a good long time we get now and again fine views of Windsor Castle and its noble towers and fluttering standard piercing the blue mists 'mid the distant "cloud fleets."

Our cheerful company is all attention to our numberless inquiries. It is $64\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Henley, and delightful as it is, it is soon over. Really it is a grand ride for a paltry 2s 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. What other country can afford such another?

In our journey we have had fair glimpses by the way, of how rural matters go in the counties of Middlesex, Bucks, and Oxford. On the left, across the Thames, we have had for many miles, distant views of rural Berkshire—too far away, however, for us to get an idea of the condition of its rural matters.

The town of Henley is on the Oxford side of the noble river. It is a well-kept, comfortable looking town, containing about 5,000 of a population. It has its market place, its town hall, and its historic church—St. Mary's—with a lofty, embattled tower, the principal land-mark of the town. Hotels abound, but the long famous "Red Lion" is the favourite with the upper ten of a regatta season. It was upon the window of this hotel that Shenstone wrote these well known lines:—

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Shenstone has been severely criticised for his eulogy of the innkeeper's welcome. It is our opinion, after

half a life spent in travel, that, to many a weary traveler this is the real experience, though to them a sad one; while to others it is a delightful reality for a space; because it seems a welcome bridge over troubled days, of a kind however bitter the end promises to be—the cruelly severe end to the one who has no power to procure that sympathy which gold and silver cannot buy.

Henley to-day seems one-half restaurant and lunch counters, and the difficulty to get a really good meal is not a trifle to the one who does not know the place from a former experience. The same human nature that generally pervades such places is found here. And why not? It is the Henley harvest, and why should it not be on the make—and make well, for the time is short?

The delightfully placid rural scenery about the Henley race course, to us gives an impression of anything but aquatic sports of a serious character. Yet so quiet and peaceful as nature appears to have been permitted to remain about here throughout the changing seasons of the past, the country here has a history of stirring interest.

About two miles above Henley, on the Berkshire side of the river, are the remains of the Druids' temples set up by Marshall Conway. The stones, 45 in number, of large size, were brought over from Jersey and set up in their original circular form. Here he erected a Roman amphitheatre. Near by is Park Place upon the Chalk Hills, which rise to 300 feet, by the Thames. That illustrious soldier Conway, dwelt here, and in his retirement indulged in land-

scape gardening upon a large scale. Medmenham Abbey, the place where Wilkes and Sterne and other wits met until the place got too warm to hold them, is near by. About seven miles distant, close by the Thames, is Lady Place, once a Benedictine monastery. Sir Richard Lovelace, the companion of Drake, built him a house on the ruins of the monastery. A descendant, Lord John Lovelace, kept house here in the reign of James II. On the pretext of hospitality, private meetings of the nobility were held in one of the vaults below, and as a result overtures were made to the Prince of Orange, which brought him to England. Less than eight miles away, by the Thames, are the ruins of Bisham Abbey. The Knights Templars once held it as a preceptory, and many of the "bronzed warriors of the cross sleep under its gables." At this abbey, William Barlow was prior at the time of the reformation. He was afterwards made a bishop, married, and reared five daughters, all of whom married bishops. Our virgin Queen — Elizabeth — was in imprisonment at this place.

Landing at Henley Station we find a crush — too much for the passenger apartments, ample as they undoubtedly are on ordinary occasions. Along with the throng of pleasure seekers, wishing a share in the sports and to view the sights of the second day at Henley, the tide of business adventurers is still towards this popular resort; then the baskets and hampers and crates of flowers and other things of beauty and pleasure — the cases of champagne, etc., must have a right of way.

We take our course down toward the scene of the

Henley sports. We slip over by the river side, that we may have a first look at a Henley boat-loaning yard. Here, alone, are dozens of row-boats of various kinds for hire, notwithstanding the fact that the river already seems quite full enough of them for tolerable navigation. Leaving, we make our way to Henley Bridge. This is a fine stone bridge of five arches and with heavy stone balustrades. "The key-stones of the centre arch represent, respectively, Thames and Isis. The Thames, which looks down the stream, is the conventional bearded old father Thames, crowned with bulrushes; and the Isis, looking up the stream, is, in allusion to the fabled marriage of Thame and Isis, a female head adorned with water-plants."

We have been swarmed about ever since we left our station by a host of boys and girls, and old men and women, presenting to our notice programmes, official programmes, and bills of all kinds; so we determine here and now to stop all this by procuring a good stock, and to keep it in full view that we may not be the subjects on which false hopes may be entertained by the earnest vender. Yet, withal, these programmes are indispensable.

From Henley Bridge we get our first real impression of what a glorious thing is a Henley regatta — the animated scene upon the river, the line of brilliant and gaily decorated house-boats lining the Oxford and Bucks shore, the Remenham meadows, dotted over with club stands, band stands, press stands and many others, and in the distance Temple Island, with its gay bunting floating to the soft breezes, and away

still farther, upon a hillside, Park Place, a lovely garden home, is all a delightful picture.

Now we are on the Berkshire side, and upon the Remenham meadows, and roaming leisurely down by the press stand and the grand stand. About 50 yards from here is the point where the Royal Races terminate. From the grand stand is obtained an uninterrupted view of the whole race course—*reserved seats, 10s.; enclosure, 5s.* We find that here the Gordon Highlanders and the 2nd Batt. Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own) will render a fine programme of music throughout the day.

This race course has had something of a history, though nothing like that of many of the others upon the Thames. In 1839, First Trinity Cambridge won the Grand Challenge Cup. Since that year the Henley regatta has been a regular institution. In the earlier days of these races they had a tone of the public schools and the University—a University race course, and that only. Now clubs, from all over the kingdom, come here to take part in the contests. The Royal Chester, the London Rowing Club, the Kensington Rowing Club, the Thames Rowing Club, and the Winnipeg Rowing Club have contests here to-day.

We saunter by the towing-path to a delightful spot in the shade of lofty trees, where we find an easy seat. We are just by a Remenham farm house, and but a few rods away is the Remenham Church and Rectory, nestling 'mid a thicket of trees and shrubbery. Just beside us is a tent, in which is domiciled, for the regatta season, an aged country woman and a young

girl, probably her daughter. We wonder if the old woman has not some business, such as fortune telling, or something of that sort to profit by while here. The little girl is having a happy time; she supplies us with fresh water from a spring near by, and in other ways displays a genuine hospitality. The couple have been here since the first of the Henley gathering, and consequently feel the importance of old settlers.

The crowd, which is dense at the bridge, has not reached up thus far yet. This gives us a greater opportunity to witness the scenes upon the river. For more than an hour we keep to our pleasant quarters. Opposite us, near the other shore, is the long line of house-boats—in numbers more than fifty. There they are, in all their exquisite beauty of ornamentation, moored stem to stern, close up to the banks of the river, with here and there the rich foliage of trees overhanging, and the consequent shadows and dancing light playing upon the fairy-like homes. Behind are the rich grazing meadows, with here and there a stray cow from a herd feeding as busily as though everything was perfectly to its liking. The boats are gorgeously decked with most beautiful flowers in bloom, and each tip and corner has its gay little flag. We see the flags flutter, and hats and handkerchiefs wave, and the flowers are blooming, and beneath and around and through the open ports may be seen charming ladies, dressed in white duck gowns and coloured sashes; some gracefully moving to and fro, others reclining upon rich chairs and sofas dreaming to the sound of the perpetual music, or

chatting to a devoted friend; while others, with extended hands, are giving a welcome to the new arrivals by the "last train." What a picture! These boats are costly luxuries. Five pounds is the minimum yearly charge to a boat for the privilege of a home upon the Thames.

The races are on. The bells are ringing to clear the course. A steam launch appears to secure the carrying out the objects of this warning. A gun is fired; the race is started. Up they come; it is a contest between the Delft Student's Rowing Club and the Kingston Rowing Club. They are lustily cheered by the occupants of house-boats as they pass. What matters which leads, the cheering is all the same. On they go, the Umpire's launch following. The course is one mile and 550 yards.

Another gun! The race is over. The Umpire's launch is returning. Which club has won? The launch, upon its bulletin board, announces that the Kingston Rowing Club has won by a length.

Another, and another race is run, but our interest is in that of which the contestants are the New College Oxford Club, and the Winnipeg Rowing Club. We have to wait but a little longer and it is over, and our Canadian Club is beaten. It was a fine race however.

The people are getting too numerous by the river bank, and are cutting off our view. We move on towards Temple Island and take a look at the arrangements at the starting stage. Then we ramble over the Remenham meadow and gather wild flowers from among the long grasses.

It is getting hot, and hundreds have taken them-

selves to the cool shades of the hedgerows. We do likewise, and here we can, in comfort, watch something of the collateral proceedings of a Henley regatta day. The venders of iced drinks, fruit, fried fish, cakes and other refreshments, have reached up this way, but they keep well by the towing-path. There are thousands here to-day that care not a jot for the races, but they come with their bags and their baskets and their paper parcels, and here, at the top of the field, away from the sports, they open their bags and uncork their bottles and smoke their pipes and chatter, and lie upon the grass and dream away the time. We shall not soon forget these hedgerows, nor the Remenham meadows.

The day is wearing on, and the races are over. We move up towards the bridge again. The river is now alive with row boats and steam launches. And yet, there are hundreds of boats at the yards idle, because the owners are not willing to accept a reasonable sum for their use.

All along, against the river bank, boats are drawn up on which lounge fair girls and bright, hopeful young men, laughing, happy, joyous.

Here and there the group has its gipsy fortune teller, whispering in the ears of the fair ones the possibilities of conquests. We see many of these here to-day, plying their trade just as we have read of them in tales of long ago.

We have not told a half of what we have seen and enjoyed at Henley. Indeed we cannot tell it all. We leave, regretting that such enjoyment cannot follow us all our days.

Mr. Clement Scott, fittingly says of this meeting : —
“The Henley of 1897 will long be remembered as one of the most glorious in the annals of this popular meeting. There has been no fault to find with the weather, the sports, or the company. We have enjoyed well-contested races, close and brilliant finishes, bright sunshine, blue skies, and congenial companions. They who came for the sport alone have obtained more than their money's worth, the yet larger contingent, to whom Royal Henley serves as an excuse for a picnic on a large scale, will return home to-night or to-morrow more fully satisfied with the result of an outing equal, if not superior to anything of the kind to be found the wide world over.”

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PART III.

Look for Part III., which will tell of "Rambles about England's Castles, Abbeys and Cathedrals."

"Now the last day of many days
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Up, do thy wonted work! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow."

“When, round the bowl, of vanish’d years
We talk with joyous seeming —
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie which twined us,
O, sweet’s the cup that circles then
To those we’ve left behind us !

And when in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
There all looks flowery, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting ;
We think how great had been our bliss
If heaven had but assign’d us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we’ve left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure’s day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that’s left behind us !”

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